

FETISHES: TASTES FOR THE BIZARRE • SOFT-CORE: 50s CORN PORN
INTERVIEW: CHRIS WALKEN DEER HUNTER BAGS AN OSCAR

GENESIS

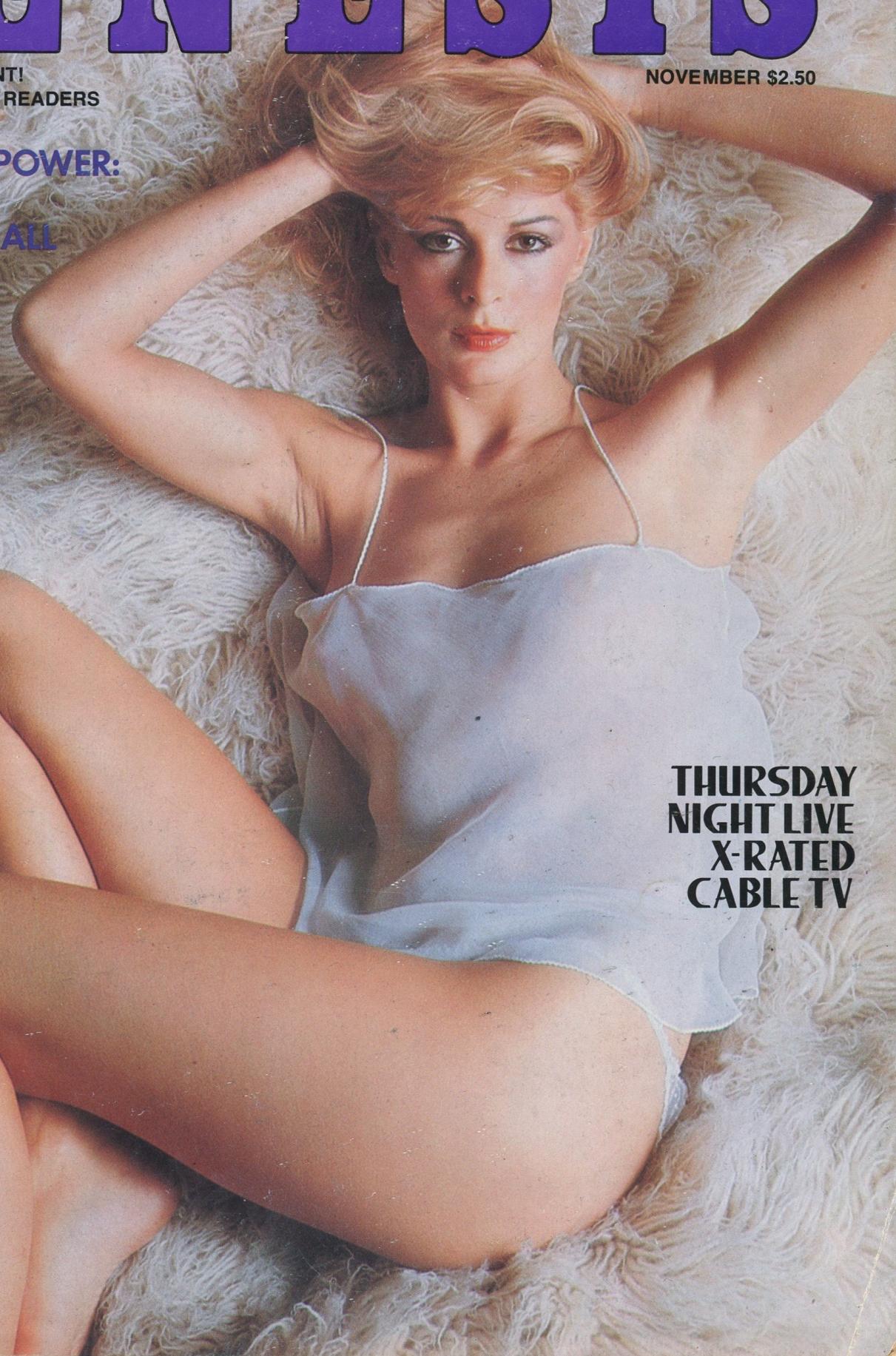
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Vol. 7 • No. 4 • November 1979

GENESIS FORUM	6
Love letters, hard-core postcards, and a few parcels from your own zip codes.	
FOREPLAY	15
The ball-playing vampire, Roman orgies, a wet T-shirt contest, and a sex-changed married couple—for starters.	
IT'S ENTERTAINMENT!	
MOVIES: ON 42nd STREET	19
Drugs, reefer, knives, and salvation. Check it out.	
MUSIC: THIN LIZZY'S BACK IN TOWN	19
Searing guitar riffs and jackhammer bass lines make this rock band a monster.	
BOOKS: FOR HIT MEN, SPIES, AND ARMCHAIR WARRIOR	20
Self-help manuals for cops, soldiers, and psychopaths.	
SEX: UNCLE DIRTY	21
All skin and no penetration has made filmmaker Russ Meyer a rich old boy.	
THE TEN BEST JOBS	24
A good job pays well, but the best jobs fill your life with freedom, sex, and power.	
TASTES FOR THE BIZARRE	26
A history of fetishism for perverse scholars and sexual deviants everywhere.	
INTERVIEW: CHRISTOPHER WALKEN	28
The Oscar-winning actor talks about the impact of 1979's best picture— <i>The Deer Hunter</i> .	
MARGOT: ART COMES TO LIFE	30
Photography by Peter Borsari	
I REMEMBER SOFT-CORE	40
A heartfelt tribute to the Cinema of Sleaze.	
PRIVATE CHAMBERS	44
Advice from Marilyn Chambers	
Everything you wanted to know about Veg-O-Matics—and more. Just ask Marilyn.	
FRANKIE	47
Photography by Jason Somers	
THE SIXTH MAN	56
The Washington Bullets' Mitch Kupchak dunks and dives on the court. The same thing happens when you turn him loose in a disco.	
RATED X:	
CHANNEL X—PORN ON CABLE TV	60
Guess what kinds of movies the viewers are clamoring for.	
GENESIS FRIENDS & LOVERS PHOTO ALBUM	64
Your friendly neighbors compete in our sensual contest.	
GREGG ALLMAN: ENLIGHTENED ROGUE	72
Gregg Allman put the Allman Brothers Band—and his life—back together again, after years of drugs and despair.	
RECEIVERS: GOOD SOUND STARTS HERE	76
Big knobs are fine, but the best receivers give you crystal-clear music reproduction.	
ROSIE	78
Photography by Roy Brewington	
SEXSTYLES: THE FLING	87
Their cure for a stale relationship turns out to be a bracing hit of old-fashioned lust.	
RENAULT R5—THE FRENCH CONNECTION	92
Le Car leads a double life: Lots of time on the racetrack, little on the gas line.	
TEQUILA ISI!	96
The name is Aztec for "volcano"; those Indians knew what they were talking about.	

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GENESIS FORUM



Speak up! Share interesting or unusual experiences you have had. Tell us what you want to see in future issues of your magazine. Make your gripes known (we like compliments, too). Write **GENESIS Forum**, 770 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10021.

PULLING FOR RUBY

I'm the construction worker who sent you the picture of Ruby F., which you put in "Friends & Lovers" in June. Now I am sending you 360 votes for Ruby.

My friends and I had to go to Franklin, Virginia, for copies of the June **GENESIS** because there weren't enough in town. Some of us even called your office asking you to send some more magazines down to us.

Ruby was always popular here anyway, but now **GENESIS** has made her the hottest person in town. We've formed groups to collect votes for Ruby, and the whole town is hoping you'll choose her so that she can be in the magazine again.

She loves posing nude.—Construction worker, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina

We here in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, cast 769 votes (and we'll send more) for Ruby F., our own home-grown gal, in the **GENESIS** "Friends & Lovers" contest. We were just a small town until gorgeous Ruby put us on the map.



The June issue of **GENESIS** with Ruby in it sold out very quickly here in Roanoke Rapids, and there weren't enough magazines for the next six counties, where they also sold out the issue. Some of us had to go to Virginia to buy a copy.

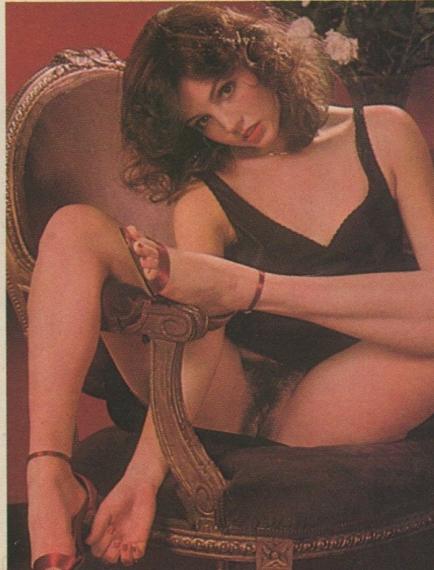
Ruby is very popular around here, and we want her to win so she can be in **GENESIS** magazine again.—769 Plus, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina

O.K., O.K., already. How do you people down in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, expect us to count votes if we have to keep answering the telephone? We don't know who the **GENESIS** "Friends & Lovers" winner is yet, but y'all certainly have your Ruby in the running. To say she's a turn-on is to say the least about Ruby—she's got an entire town up for her. Keep reading **GENESIS** for "Friends & Lovers" contest results.

COLLEEN: GIMME SOME LEG

I just had to write this letter to let you know how much I loved Colleen in your July issue. Photographer Jason Somers did a fantastic job. Everything about her is perfect—her baby-doll face, and especially her goddess-like body. The shots I enjoyed most were the ones which accented Colleen's perfect legs. What a turn-on!

Please keep up the good work and give us more women like Colleen—or,



rather, try to—because she is one of a kind!—E. M., Selma, California

I want to thank **GENESIS** for featuring the sexy Colleen in your July issue.

Colleen has to be the most delightful female to grace your pages ever. I was sort of disappointed, though, that there was no picture of her in nylons—those gams are beautiful! Also, Colleen has the most kissable, lovable nipples, which you concealed. Why?—L. R., New Milford, New Jersey

The choice of what to reveal and what to conceal was Colleen's: "I'm not crazy about nylons, because I think they're artificial and restrictive; I wanted to show my legs as they are. As for the top—well, you've got to hold something back as a promise for the next time." Stay tuned.

CATHERINE: MYSTERY MEAT

Let me tell you about Catherine Bernard [June, 1979]. She has got to be the most beautiful girl I have ever seen in my life, and being a lead singer in rock-n'-roll bands, I have seen some foxy stuff.

From the top of her head to her gorgeous brown eyes, to her whisper-soft lips, to those beautifully rounded tits and down to the soft, wet, and juicy mound of love to the tip of her toes (no, I'm not taking inventory), she is all lady. I love her come-one eyes, and those long, tanned







Rosie

"Serenity is the most important goal to me. Lying in the sun, holding a cold glass of rosé, um . . . that's perfect. The tanning rays are so calm, so sensual. That's how I like my lovers. They must be relaxed, gentle, and always willing to learn."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROY BREWINGTON

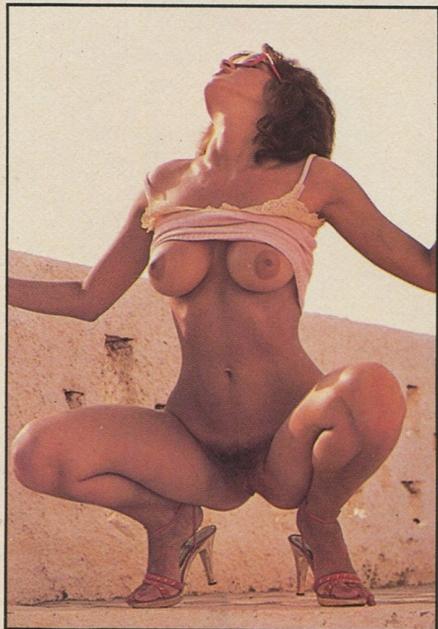




"I especially love to feel the tingle of the wine running down my throat and body."

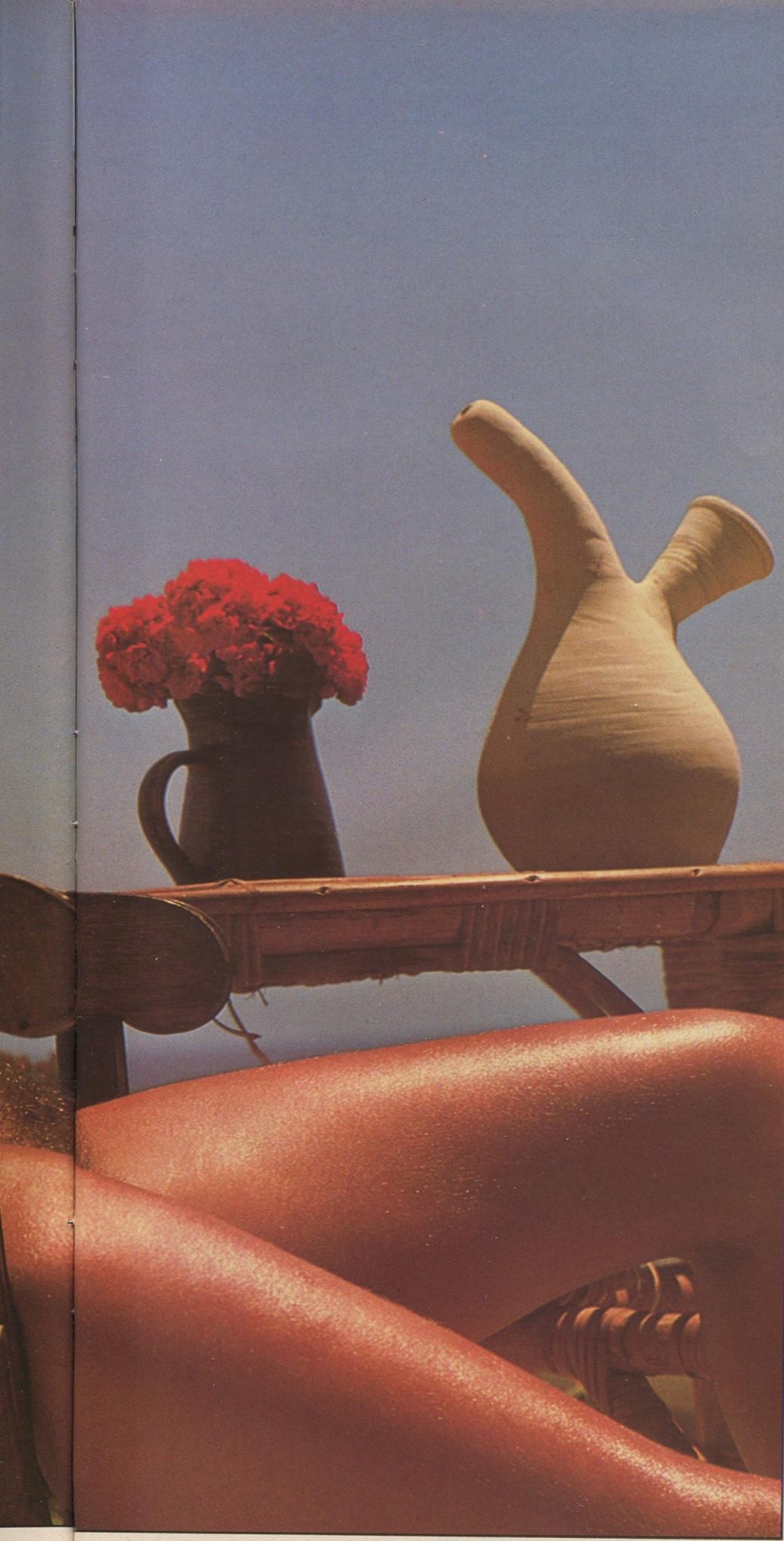






As a stewardess, Rosie loves to fly to Mexico, where she can bask in the Acapulco sun. "The cliff divers make terrific lovers. Their long descent toward the ocean is smooth and erotic. And they carry these graceful moves into the bedroom."





"I love nude sunbathing. It is so free and loose. Like sex—limitless, without any restrictions. My imagination can run wild as I close my eyes and fantasize about my lover—and the long nights on the patio. Smiling across the table because we both know what's going to happen next."





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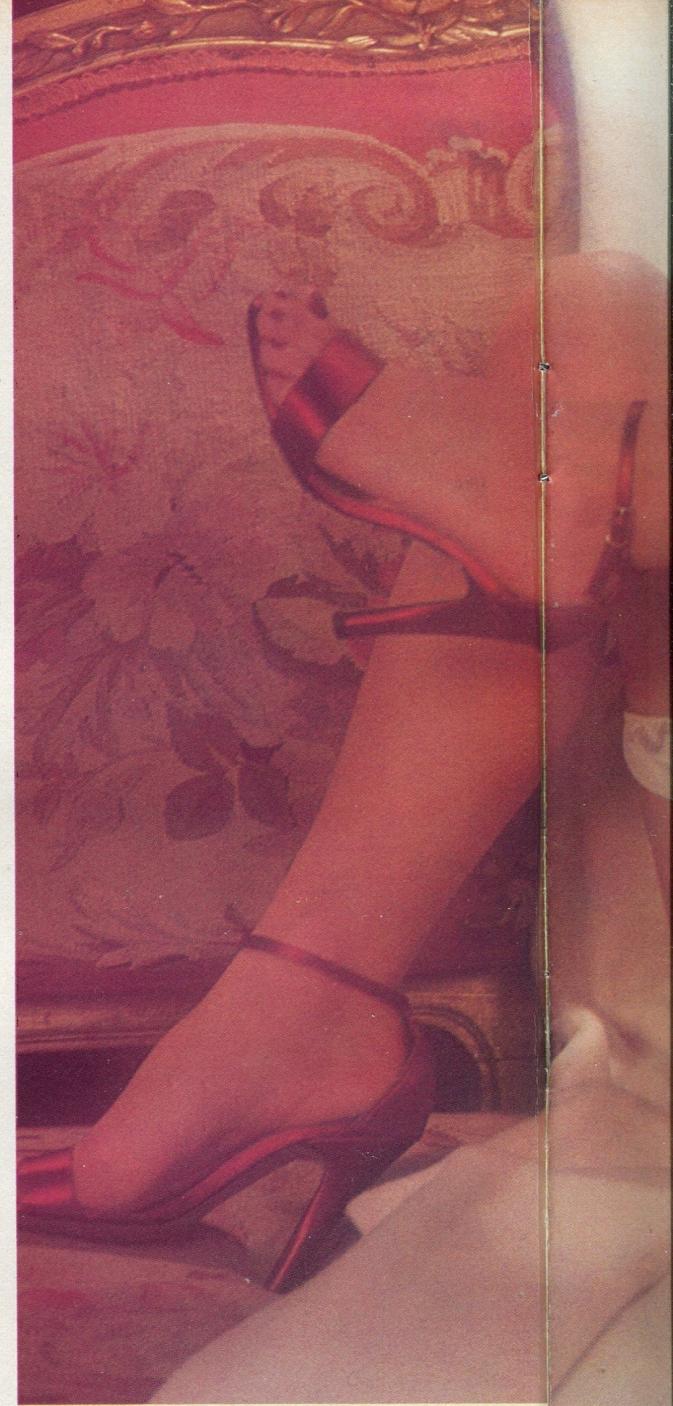
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Frankie

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JASON SOMERS

"My boyfriend thinks this is the
wildest thing I've ever done.
It's the second wildest."

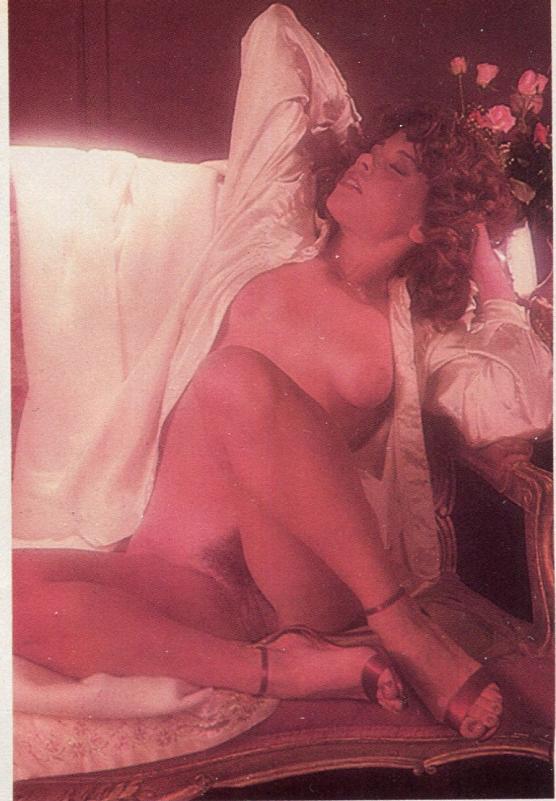






Francesca Supon, born twenty-three years ago in Tupelo, Mississippi, has always been Frankie. "When I was sixteen, I needed my birth certificate to apply for a driver's license. 'What's this?' I asked my mother when I saw the name on it. 'That's you,' she said. It's much too exotic a name for me, I think." We don't.





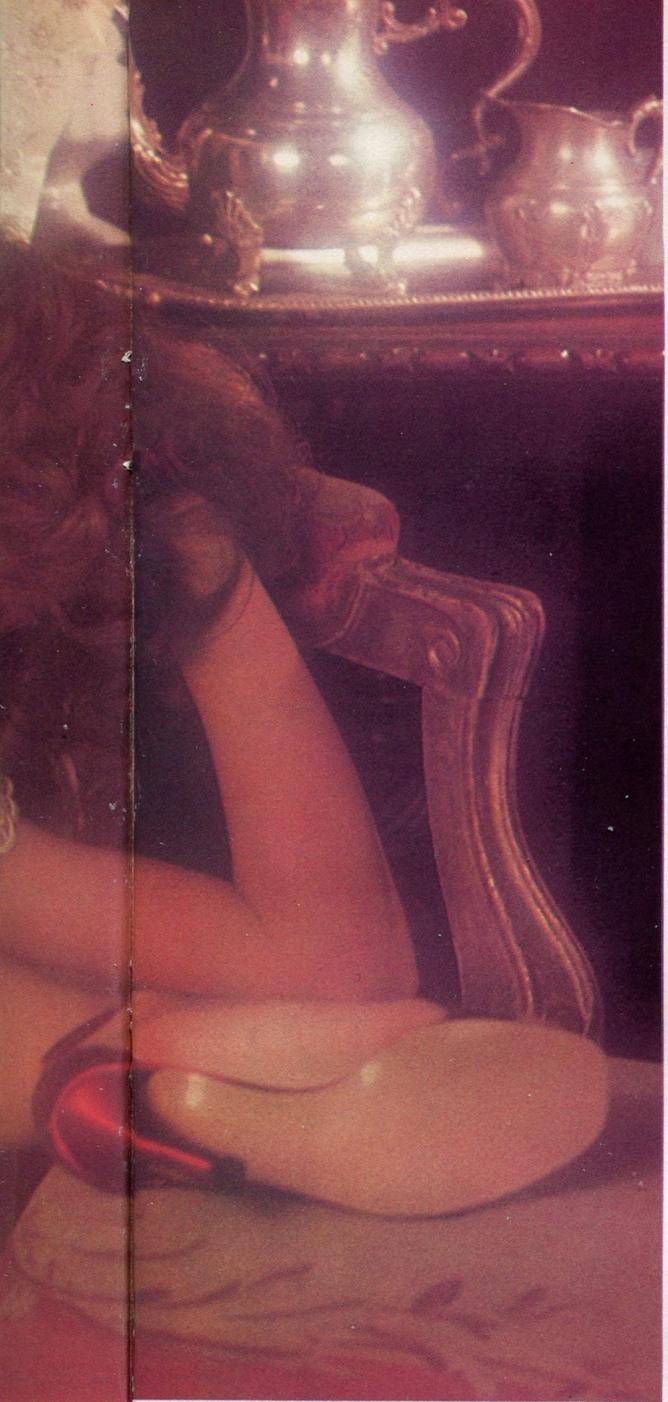
"I always ran around with the boys as a kid. They were more fun than girlfriends, even when they were looking for trouble. Nobody even noticed when I started getting tits," she says, laughing. "I still like to hang out with the guys—except now they do notice." Frankie is a nurse.





"That operating room is all business," she insists. "But the doctors I work with are men, after all. Once, instead of finding a patient on the table, I pulled back the sheet to find one of the residents I'd had eyes for. When I stopped laughing, everyone else had gone. The operation, I might add, was definitely a success."





GENESIS







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GENESIS





PRIVATE

Chambers

AN INTIMATE DIALOGUE
BETWEEN OUR READERS
AND MARILYN CHAMBERS

Send your questions to Marilyn Chambers, GENESIS Magazine, 770 Lexington Avenue, New York, New York 10021. Marilyn regrets she cannot supply any personal responses.

SEX WORLD FANTASY

I don't have any sexual hang-ups, but I do have quite an inventive mind when it comes to sex. I would like to share with you and the readers of GENESIS a few of my fantasies. My first invention would be to take a Ferris wheel from a fair or carnival and remove the seats. Then I would add padded sheets of wood all around the wheel itself. I would set up the wheel on private property, so there would be no nosy people to interfere. Then I would throw a party and invite all the cute girls from the neighborhood—no guys, just all pretty and well-built chicks.

I would get the girls all feeling good with a little hash or pot and some of their favorite booze. Then I would ask them to play a fantasy game they had never heard of before. I would ask each one to strip naked and let me tie her to the Ferris wheel, all spread-eagled. Then, as I stood below the wheel on the ground with a super hard-on, the girls would spin on the wheel and the head of my cock would slip through the lips of their pussies as they spun round and round, up and down. Can you imagine the thrill of wondering which would be the one who would make me come? And for a little variety in the game, they could stick out their pretty pink tongues and each one could take a lick at my stiff pecker as they spun round and round.

Marilyn, doesn't this sound like good dirty fun? The ride on the Ferris wheel would make you dizzy and the feeling of being naked, all spread open and helpless, would be even more exciting. Think of the tickling sensation as the stiff cock slipped quickly through your wet pussy lips. Nice, huh?

Also, I would like to take a large swimming-pool slide and cut a hole in the slide near the bottom. Then, when the girls slid down the slide, just as they are about to shoot off the end, my tongue

would slip quickly through the hole and glide smoothly over their cunts to add a thrill to the ride. If I ever get such a setup going, Marilyn, you have an open invitation to be the first to try out my little carnival of pleasure. I would like to add that I am a devoted fan of yours; to me, you are the most exciting woman who ever lived, and you should go down in history with other sex kittens like Cleopatra and Helen of Troy.—E. R., Fairport, New York

Hey, this sounds like good, clean fun to me, and I'm all for it! I love the idea for the amusement-park ride, as I'm a carnival enthusiast; but the idea for the water slide has become one of my favorite fantasies now that you've suggested it. I'd love to be the first to try out your water-sports activities. Anything new and imaginative is fun to me! Listen, I was thinking about starting a Sex World Amusement Park. You'll be my main designer if I can get it going; and, of course, we'd have to try everything out on a dry—or wet—run together, okay?

RING THE BELLE

Today I saw my first copy of GENESIS.

I was particularly interested in the letters and responses concerning your pussy ring. What part of your pussy was pierced—the inner labia or otherwise? Will you have some pictures in future issues of GENESIS showing your pussy ring more close up? I hope so, as I am considering having the same sort of adornment.—E. A., Clearwater, Florida

The part of my pussy that is pierced is one of the inner lips, although I'm hoping to have another piercing done in the near future on one of the outer lips. Hopefully, GENESIS will have some pictures of my pussy ring. Keep watching my column and the magazine for new pictures!

IN THE HOT SEAT

I know beauty when I see it—like the women in your magazine—but women do not see anything in me. When I love a woman, I first tell her, then I give her poems I write that say how much I love

her and how much I would like to be near her.

Women see me as handicapped in their pleasure. They may see me as a handicap, for I am in a wheelchair. I can't walk. I can do everything else. Like love! Sex! Not walking is not much of a handicap. Everyone has some sort of handicap, which they do not want to see, for "beauty is in the eye of the beholder."

*Do you know a way I could find a girl
With eyes of pearls
That would care
And a body so fair?—C. T., Foster
City, California*

First of all, I'd use a more conventional approach to make a chick become interested. Usually, when a guy meets a lady, he doesn't immediately start writing her love notes and poems. This can tend to scare a girl away, because she's probably not used to being romanced—most women aren't, in today's world. Don't get me wrong: I love it when a man writes sexy love notes (they usually have to be X-rated), but only when I'm sure of my love for him.

Try not coming on so strong (I think you're overly aggressive because of your handicap), and play the chaser more than the chaser. See what I'm getting at? For some reason, when a man pursues a woman too strongly too fast, it can be a turn-off; probably because she knows she's got him hook, line, and sinker. But when a man is a bit cool and reserved, it gets the better of a woman's curiosity, and she's got to find out what makes this guy tick. So then she becomes the pursuer, which makes for more fun, especially on the man's part. Women like to play the maternal role, so let the women you like treat you as such and see what happens. This is not the same as trading on their sympathy that you can't walk, and doesn't make you any less of a man to be treated in this way. But a woman may think more of you if you let her do some things for you, instead of trying constantly to prove yourself and proving that you're not in any way handicapped in your capacity to love.

I personally salute you in your attitude, and think your ability to write beautiful love poems is a gift and you should use it, but use it discreetly.

PERSONAL PREFERENCE

When I saw your exquisite body in July's GENESIS, I thought I'd have heart failure! Lightly covered in a string bikini that was unable to confine a body longing with erotic passion, you stood before me, beckoning me on! Your eyes seemed to relay a glint of insatiability and an I'm-yours attitude. To accurately describe how desirable you looked at that moment is beyond mere words.

I am twenty-five years old, six foot nine, slim-built but acrobatic, revolutionary-looking, can almost literally fuck up a storm or be as gentle as the breeze blowing on buttercups. I'm quiet but confident. If perchance we met on the street or at a party, might we perhaps enjoy the nightlife together? What are your preferences for getting together and enjoying someone? Do you want lasting friendships? Are you possessive at heart but aggressive and open in the company of others?

I've wanted to know this since I started reading your column of wisdom years ago. I'm being open and frank with you, Marilyn. I hope you'll provide an answer to the questions I've raised. I'm sure other people out there would like to know, also.—G. C. H., Yardville, New Jersey

True, you read me perfectly. I'm totally insatiable, and I like to get fucked and sucked in every conceivable fashion. I could go on for days but don't know many guys that are that insatiable, too. You sound really gorgeous to me; I think most guys, no matter how they're built, are sexy in their own way, but I must say I have a weakness for tall, slim men. They usually have long, thin cocks, which are slightly unusual. Long, lean, muscular legs are another weakness—but for all you muscle men or just regular guys, I've got a weakness for you, too!

I doubt seriously we'd meet on the street or at a party, because I rarely if ever go to parties (when I lived in plastic Beverly Hills, I had enough of that) and am rarely out on the street alone. It's usually not obvious, but I have, in my position, a lot of protection around me, because I've had extortion attempts and many death threats that have scared me very much. It's not always pleasant to have someone close by watching your every move, but it's necessary, and the price I must pay for getting all these dynamite offers from all you gorgeous men out there. Don't read me wrong—I still see whom I please and do what I please; but it's usually planned and doesn't just happen. I guess you could say that at age twenty-five, I've led a fairly sheltered life, because since the

age of twenty, I've had to have protection from outside forces.

As far as my preferences go, I certainly like lasting friendships, but I also like to fuck perfect strangers—even if I know I'll never see them again. There's a certain thrill to that, too! Sexually, I can be either submissive or aggressive, depending upon what the man likes; but socially, I try to keep my mouth shut and my ears open.

FOOT PHOTOS?

I am writing you in hopes of learning your feelings about a possible photo spread in GENESIS featuring your pretty bare feet. I imagine that you yourself are not into feet, and if not, I can understand and respect your feelings. But, as you have mentioned, you do receive a great deal of mail from foot lovers, and I'm sure that they would also love to see some nice, close-up pictures of your feet.

I have noticed that in all the pictures of you I've seen, none really shows a good, clear view of your feet and toes. I guess after reading this letter you can tell I am

"I get a lot of letters from people into foot fetishes."

really in love with your feet, and I could spend the rest of my life smelling, kissing, and licking every bit of them. Before I close, I would like to know what size shoes you wear and what width. And is it possible to write you directly and to purchase photos of you and your feet?—Your foot slave, J. L., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

How can you possibly love my feet if you've never really seen them? Believe me, they're nothing to look at! You're correct in saying that I'm not into feet; as a matter of fact, I can't stand the sight of my own, although I do keep them pedicured and polished. You might say I've got very athletic-looking feet, as I've always been extremely athletic, and in sports feet play a very important part.

I do get a lot of letters from people who are into foot fetishes, and I suppose in my next GENESIS layout I'll have one picture exclusively of my feet, just for all you foot lovers. I do love to have my feet and toes sucked on, as each part of my body is an erogenous zone, it seems. My favorite thing in the whole world is to spend a couple of hours with someone I really dig and get into a touching session. I love to be lightly tickled with fingernails all over my body. That turns me on so much and relaxes me to the utmost. Naturally, that means I really like to have my feet tickled, too. The most sensitive parts of my body

aside from the obvious are the insides of my thighs and the backs of my legs; I could get into this type of playing for hours on end, at any time of the day or night. Of course, I like to reciprocate, and do the same sweet things to my lover, because I know how good it feels.

As far as my shoe size goes, I'd be glad to give it to you—8B. And while I'm at it, my measurements are 35-24-35. (My boobs have gotten bigger, because this winter I shoveled a lot of snow—no kidding!)

TELLING MY STORY

I just finished reading your book entitled *My Story*, and it was well worth the effort of getting it. You see, I had to special-order it from a bookstore and wait nine weeks for it to arrive. I did enjoy it. I have been a fan of yours ever since *Behind the Green Door* and *Resurrection of Eve*. I even have VHS copies of them, and enjoy them quite often. I read your column each month in GENESIS, and—well, to sum it up, I think you are damn good people!

To get to the bottom line, this, like many other fan letters, has a special request to make. You see, I'm a deputy sheriff here in Oregon (cops enjoy sex, too); I have a good friend who happens to be my partner, and he thinks you are quite a lady, also. Well, to make a long story short, my partner is quite ill; he has Hodgkin's disease. He has had to have chemotherapy treatments and has lost all his hair as a result. His spirits are low—I mean your basic low! It sure would brighten up his day if I could get a photo of you for him.

I know that you get lots of these requests, and I know that it gets to be a hassle, but as they say in the law enforcement field, "You knew the job was dangerous when you took it!" This is the first fan letter I have ever written, so I hope it doesn't sound stupid. If you could just sign a photo to my partner and say something about him not needing hair to have a good time, I would be ever in your debt. Also, Marilyn, I wouldn't be upset if you slipped an extra photo in for me.—R. D., address withheld

How would I go about getting your book called *My Story*? Here's thanking you in advance—with lots of love.—A. D., Jacksonville, Florida

Thanks for all the compliments, and I've taken care of your special request for your friend. I hope he likes it and appreciates the fact that he's got such a great friend as you. Thoughtful people are hard to find these days, and I think you're sweet for thinking of your buddy.

By the way, if anyone out there would like to purchase *My Story*, I'd suggest sending \$1.95, along with 25¢ to cover mailing, to Warner Books, P.O. Box 690, New York, New York 10019. □



A heartfelt tribute to the Cinema of Sleaze

I REMEMBER SOFT-CORE

Return with us now to those thrilling days of yesteryear, when Times Square marquees were ablaze with such electrifying attractions as *White Slaves of Chinatown*, *Orgy at Lil's Place* and *Nature Girls on the Moon*.

O.K., maybe in light of subsequent celluloid smut endeavors, they weren't all that electrifying. The skin flicks of the fifties and sixties were, by today's salacious standards, admittedly tame: no throbbing sixty-foot tools having their way with technicolored twats of similar dimensions. No phallic Vesuvius showering the screen with bursts of bright, white seminal lava. No vaginal close-ups that only a gynecologist could love. Indeed, in most cases, nary a single adult sexual organ—however inactive—was there to be seen. Only occasional grainy embraces and fleeting snatches of black-and-white T. 'n' A. awaited the unwary grind-house patron.

Still, the soft-core porn pics then permeating the Times Square area and its Raunch Row equivalents across the land were the closest an already rapidly lapsing Catholic kid from the outer reaches of Queens could get to the real thing (i.e., hard-core smut). What the "skins" may have lacked in explicit erotic content (which was usually considerable), they more than made up for in inspired sleaze. The fact that you had to watch them in decaying vaudeville houses exuding the smell of stale popcorn mixed with fresh urine only added to the overall exotica.

One of the most memorable of the period's prurient potboilers—by my impressionable lights, at least—was the earlier-mentioned *White Slaves of Chinatown* (1964). The flick detailed the dirty doings of degenerate Commie dominatrix Olga Petroff, who controlled a widespread dope-and-prostitution ring and kept her slut stable stocked by luring newly paroled female offenders to "wild marijuana parties" staged at her Chinatown redoubt. Once in her merciless clutches, they would be cold-bloodedly hooked on horse and forced to turn tricks for an endless procession of high-paying perverts.

To give you some idea of the lengths to which soft-core

smut moguls would go to incorporate as many low-life elements as possible in an effort to camouflage the absence of actual sex on-screen, *Slaves* was later listed in one film reference volume under the following sordid subject headings: *Madams*, *Drug dealers*, *Ex-convicts*, *Prostitutes*, *White slave traffic*, *Sadism*, *Torture*, *Brainwashing*, *Organized Crime*, *Narcotics*, *Marijuana*, and *Chinatown*. Though almost totally bereft of candid carnality, the pic was sufficiently well received by the raincoat crowd to inspire a trio of equally needy sequels—*Olga's Girls*, *Olga's House of Shame* and *Olga's Massage Parlor*. A classic case of beating a dead horse around the bush.

The equally unforgettable *Olga's Girls* found our anti-heroine with a new surname (having swapped the obviously Russian Petroff for the vaguely Slavic Saglo) but otherwise unchanged. When she wasn't pumping dangerous drugs into the surrounding community or rounding up new recruits, Olga passed her idle moments torturing her charges for the "slightest offense." The girls, having no one to turn to but one another, turned to one another. In this film, we also learned that Olga's narcotics supply was imported directly from a Mainland China out to opiate an unwitting America and thereby weaken its anti-Red resolve.

Budgetary cutbacks may well have been behind Olga and crew's move from their Chinatown stronghold to a "school of torture" located in a "deserted upstate mining shack" for the series' third entry, *Olga's House of Shame*. Despite her more humble environs, Olga carried on with the same brand of violent *joie de sleaze* audiences had come to expect from her, tutoring her luckless slaves in the pushing and hooking trades and meting out drastic punishments for that most grievous of crimes—the slightest offense.

In the series' fourth and final entry, *Olga's Massage Parlor*, Olga didn't put in even so much as a cameo. Though the film was equally devoted to the systematic torture of hapless girls gone bad, the producers were crassly exploiting Olga's name

BY JOE KANE



without delivering the dirty goods. It was at that point that her formerly faithful fans (yours truly among them) finally kicked the Olga habit.

The earliest smut flicks I was privileged to see were the primitive "nudies" of the late fifties and early sixties, a genre largely inspired by the boffo box-office success of Russ Meyer's *The Immoral Mr. Teas* (1959). Too young at the time to get into the Times Square dives, I was lucky enough to live within a short bus ride of a rundown triple-feature theater called the Savoy, a seedy cinema that supplied me with an extensive and inexpensive (tickets were fifty cents) education in the Cinema of Sleaze.

For a budding fourteen-year-old B-movie buff, the Savoy couldn't be matched by any rival Gotham bijou. The program changed three times a week, and the fare ranged from nearly new releases, to vintage classics, to obscure B-, C-, and Z-grade monster movies, gangster films, Westerns, and an occasional contemporary "nudie" like *Around the World with Nothing On* and the pulse-quickenning *Nature Camp Confidential*. The Savoy's cashiers never asked for proof of age.

Still, despite my burgeoning lust for on-screen tits 'n' ass, I was never much enamored of the nudies. With their perfunctory plots and stilted theatrics, they were little more than timid epidermal travelogues that depicted the camps' usually poorly assembled inhabitants playing volleyball and accordions, or engaging in other conveniently crotch-concealing activities. (In fact, for a time there, I was convinced that all adults sported volleyballs or accordions where their genitals should have been.) The nudies also lacked the skin flicks' at-

mosphere of unrelieved sleaze, going out of their way instead to isolate sex from nudity and champion the conventional goals—marriage and family—to which most image-conscious nudists professed to aspire. Besides, the color photography and idyllic outdoor settings proved far too healthy for my tastes. I much preferred the downbeat, back-alley feel of the sin-drenched skins.

True, most of the skin flicks—like the lamentable *Lust Weekend*, which included a woefully inept reprise of the then-famous beach scene from Fellini's *La Dolce Vita*—were hardly hallmarks of cinematic art. The majority were every bit as bad as most of the mindless hardcore numbers you see today. But, for every dozen dirty-movie disasters, the determined soft-core savant could count on unearthing at least one minor gem.

One such diamond in the buff was a typically low-budget opus entitled *Shocking Sex* (AKA *Rehearsal for Sin*), released in the early sixties. In that one, an amateur community-theater group agrees to stage a Pirandellian play that finds the first-time thespians enacting roles that mirror their real-life identities, a promise that leads to the anticipated plethora of *Peyton Place*-type revelations.

The movie's most memorable moment, however, occurs when Gloria, the town floozie, attempts to seduce her theatrical co-star, a naive and (as they used to say) very married college professor named Bob. Using the play as the flimsiest of pretexts, she entices the unsuspecting academic to her down-and-dirty digs. After a bit of cursory conversation, Gloria starts the proverbial ball rolling by loudly announcing, "Whew! It's hot in here! I think I'll take a shower!"

The camera leaves the ever-innocent Bob leafing contentedly through a stack

of magazines and covertly tracks our visibly horny heroine into the shower stall, where we're treated to a few fuzzy-focus, frosted-glass glimpses of her fetching form. When the by now fully sanitized seductress emerges from her shower, she summarily sheds her robe and coaxes her guilt-torn but suddenly will-weakened victim into her boudoir—where the camera dares not follow. Instead, the consummation of their union is visually conveyed via a tasteful close-up of Bob's discarded boxer shorts making a perfect slow-motion, three-point landing atop Gloria's already supine panties. Breathes there a porno—or, for that matter, any other—film today that would use so subtle a sexual metaphor? (Answer: Probably not.)

My all-time favorite soft-core skin flick was Andy Milligan's *Tricks of the Trade*. Agreeably burdened by the usual low production values, muddy black-and-white photography, crackling sound track, and countless unintentional (though occasionally creative) jump cuts, the film exuded a powerful mood of terminal postcoital depression while relating the sorry tale of one Fred Claret, a strapping, crew-cut, heavily mortgaged, middle-class meekling whose passive personality and panoply of sexual problems are making a further mockery of his already fairly ludicrous life. Among Fred's more pressing concerns are his inability to remove his meddling mother-in-law from his not-so-happy home and the fact that he can't throw one in the little missus without using a condom.

As our story opens, we find Fred submerging his multiple sorrows at a Greenwich Village watering hole. A friend chances by and suggests that Fred visit the same resourceful shrink who'd helped him over several of life's more arduous humps. Fred, in no mood, angrily instructs the would-be Samaritan to tend to his own beeswax.

Our hero is next accosted by Stud and Marcy Perkins, a vile and crazy pair of local low lifes who, feigning friendship, invite him to their grungy Lower East Side lair. There, after temporarily exorcising his massive—we are told that he is hung "like a horse"—inhibitions via a heavy intake of the evil weed, they engage him in a variety of timidly choreographed bisexual acts.

Chagrined over his radical moral lapse, Fred seeks the aid and comfort of one Dr. Pauline Flood, the selfsame sex therapist he'd been urged to see two paragraphs ago. She straightaway seduces him, sans condom, and sends him back to hearth and home a new man. ("And you are quite a man," she leeringly reminds him.) Upon returning home, the horse-hung regenerate tosses his irksome in-law streetwards, porks his breathless better half till her eyes all but

(continued on page 100)

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I REMEMBER SOFT-CORE

(continued from page 42)

pop from their sockets, and wins back his castle, manhood, and self-respect, roughly in that order.

This mellow domestic tableau is rudely interrupted, however, when the Perkinsons appear at Fred's door with damning photographic evidence of his and their lone night of drug-induced abandon. Fearing that his hard-won happiness might be forever snuffed out by this most odious breath of scandal, Fred agrees to meet them in the dread Lower East Side with a sizable slice of blackmail bread. But on the way, second thoughts unfortunately intervene. Fred decides that since he is quite a man, he's not about to be bullied by a bunch of pot-puffing pansies and resolves to show up, not with the promised gelt, but with a pair of ready fists with which to show the faggots what for.

From that point on, *Tricks of the Trade* abruptly veers into sheer shock horror. When Fred arrives at his destination, he discovers the pad occupied, not only by the decadent couple, but by a whole tribe of dope-crazed S-M freaks. While this crew is not the least bit impressed by Fred's show of newly acquired machismo, they are annoyed to learn that he's neglected to bring the cash, and proceed to express said annoyance by mutilating him beyond recognition. In a brief, cautionary coda, we find Fred, his face thick with cheap monster-movie makeup, stumbling about the Bowery with hand outstretched and wits nowhere about him—another pathetic straggler along the road better not taken.

Though not nearly so moralistic as their would-be prurient predecessors of the thirties and forties (e.g., *Sex Madness*, *Road to Ruin*)—which often shared bills with such erotic fare as medical shorts graphically delineating the horrors of abortion or VD—the soft-core flicks of the fifties and sixties nonetheless managed to retain an ample strain of sexual retribution, which strongly appealed to the lingering Catholic in me. Titles like *The Sins of Mona Kent* and *Bad Girls Go to Hell* clearly telegraphed the fact that they were not about to take a soft line on their wayward heroines' errant antics. (Russ Meyer effectively parodied the porn pics' puritanical bent in *Lorna* [1965], which even included a fire-and-brimstone voice-over delivered by a rabid backwoods Bible-thumper.) With the exception of Gerard Damiano's demon-filled fuck films, like *The Devil in Miss Jones*, most contemporary hard-core movies lack the skins' sleazy sense of original sin, replacing rampant repression with secular sexism. While sexism may be all right in its place (such as on the grind-house screen), it still can't compete with the generalized sexual conservatism and attendant hot punitive

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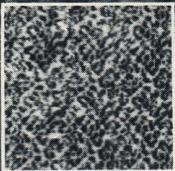
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action that the skins supplied.

In addition to keeping the related fears of God and sex at least marginally alive within me, the soft-core flicks provided a training ground in which fledgling auteurs could apprentice under proven porn moguls of the sort satirized by director Brian De Palma in *Hi, Mom!* Francis Ford Coppola, creator of the long-awaited and widely hyped *Apocalypse Now*, earned his initial celluloid stripes by working on such since-forgotten epidermal epics as *The Playgirls and the Bellboy* and *Tonight for Sure!* back in sixty-two. John G. Avildsen (*Rocky*, *Save the Tiger*) began his pro screen career by tripling as director, photographer, and editor on a labor of lust called *Turn On to Love*. And Robert Downey, of *Putney Swope* and *Greaser's Palace* fame, got his start cranking out *The Sweet Smell of Sex*. So far, few hard-core smut directors have managed to graduate to the ranks of so-called legitimate filmmakers.

The skin flicks and the era that supported them have, of course, to silver nitrate and dust returneth'd, and no amount of wistful caterwauling is likely to bring them back (which is sure to come as a relief to many). As it was, the skins survived into the early seventies before being irrevocably usurped by pioneering hard-core pics like *Deep Throat* and *Behind the Green Door*, their frequently pseudonymous and unsung stars supplanted by such high-profile purveyors of "porno chic" as Linda Lovelace, Marilyn Chambers, and Harry Reems. Prior to their timely demise, the skins had already begun moving away from their traditionally stark roots, groping for an ill-advised bit of hip timeliness in sex-and-dope operas like *Alice in Acidland* and *Blonde on a Bum Trip*, or outright weirdness in genre hybrids like *Dracula, the Dirty Old Man*. The transplants failed to take, however, and the skins reluctantly packed it in.

That portion of the soft-core market not taken over by the modern triple-X-rated hard-core movie has since been seized by "hard R" and "soft X" films—which are not to be confused with the skin flicks of yore. While they may also lack the explicit erotica of your hard-core entries, they tend to be slicker in execution, bigger in budget, and more upbeat in tone, ranging from sophomore farces like the *Stewardesses* and *Cheerleaders* series, jejune satires like Russ Meyer's *Beyond the Valley of the Dolls* or his more recent *Vixen* flicks, or such off-center stabs at erotic art as *Emmanuelle*. With the gradual liberalization of the medium in general, the skin flicks of fifteen or twenty years ago have little to offer today beyond their camp and/or nostalgia appeal.

Hell, even I stopped going to them once I started getting laid on anything like a regular basis. Then again, that was before the hard-core flicks hit town. □

CHRISTOPHER WALKEN

(continued from page 29)

jungle. There was everything—tigers; there was a tiger in my room one night. I was trying to look like a prisoner of war, so, of course, I didn't eat much. In Thailand, they have thirty different kinds of bananas. I became a banana expert. And it did help me lose weight. I was very healthy, actually, in that section. I was probably in better shape than I've ever been in my life. I just looked terrible.

GENESIS: Did you do your own stunts?

Walken: Yeah. They had stunt men, but they felt, in certain cases, that it would be more authentic if we did it ourselves. The scenes where you see Robert De Niro and John Savage fall from a helicopter into the Kwai are the real thing. They were very high, and the river was muddy; you couldn't really see what was underneath—it could have been a tree or a rock. It's a river that moves quickly, so if there was a tree down there—you can check it, but in thirty seconds it will be there. They fell from very high; it was, I'd say, fifty feet.

GENESIS: When you see the film, Chris, can you be detached from it all? Can you have an objective view?

Walken: Yes. To me, the film—especially since I have a certain distance on it—I watch very much as a spectator: often surprised about things that happen. The overall effect to me is very powerful, very

emotional. And I find that it happens with people who talk to me about the film, too; often their voices shake a bit, and they begin to say something and then they find they have to stop because they're upset.

GENESIS: That they have seen what American guys have gone through—the degradation to which that part of the world sank when they resort to a madness like Russian roulette?

Walken: Well, many people, of course, see the film in a political way. But I feel it's about young men who go to war in the same sense that young men have always gone to war. I don't see a particular war when I see the film. The story needed a catastrophe, and in this case it was this war, but it's really about these people and what happens in a catastrophe. So I find it hard to think about in terms of "our boys in Vietnam"—it seems to me it's much more universal than that.

GENESIS: Did you have any special emotions, yourself, in relation to the Vietnam War?

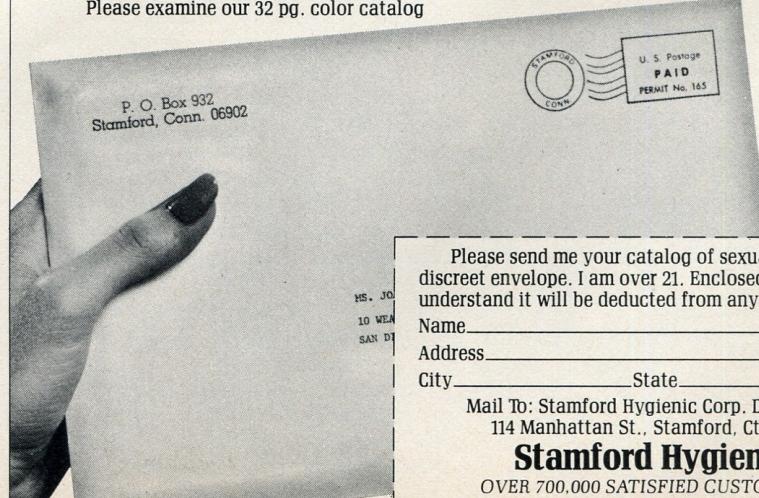
Walken: No; I felt then as I feel now that the film is about these particular young men and the catastrophe of war. It is Vietnam because it has to be identified for the story. But, in fact, it's bigger than that; it's not so topical as that. I wasn't there. I have a brother who was there. I knew about the war the same as most Americans, through the newspapers and television. There's a quality of being in

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Art Comes to Life



MARGOT

"Erotic photography doesn't get down enough," in the opinion of twenty-one-year-old Margot Theodorakis. "Too often, it's like sculpture—dry, arty, lifeless. It should be like sex—wet and sweaty." Right. We don't know art but we know what we like.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER BORSARI



"'Pink shots' were an improvement in the genre," asserts our opinionated model, "because they took the emphasis off artiness and placed it on sexual content. But still the element of action was missing—which is what I'm trying to provide." One look and we were Missing In Action.













"Only the lifelike quality of photography can capture the sensuality of sex—the frenzy of sweating and sucking and grinding. I model alone because that way a man can fantasize himself in the picture, as my 'partner.' " Hey, podner, move it on over ...





Margot comes by her artistic principles honestly, she says. "One time a sculptor I was posing for told me I have a 'classical' body; I said, 'Why not—I'm Greek.' . . . Now, don't make any cracks about anal sex," she warns. Not us, Margot. Looks like you've got all cracks well covered.







Art Comes to Life

MARGOT

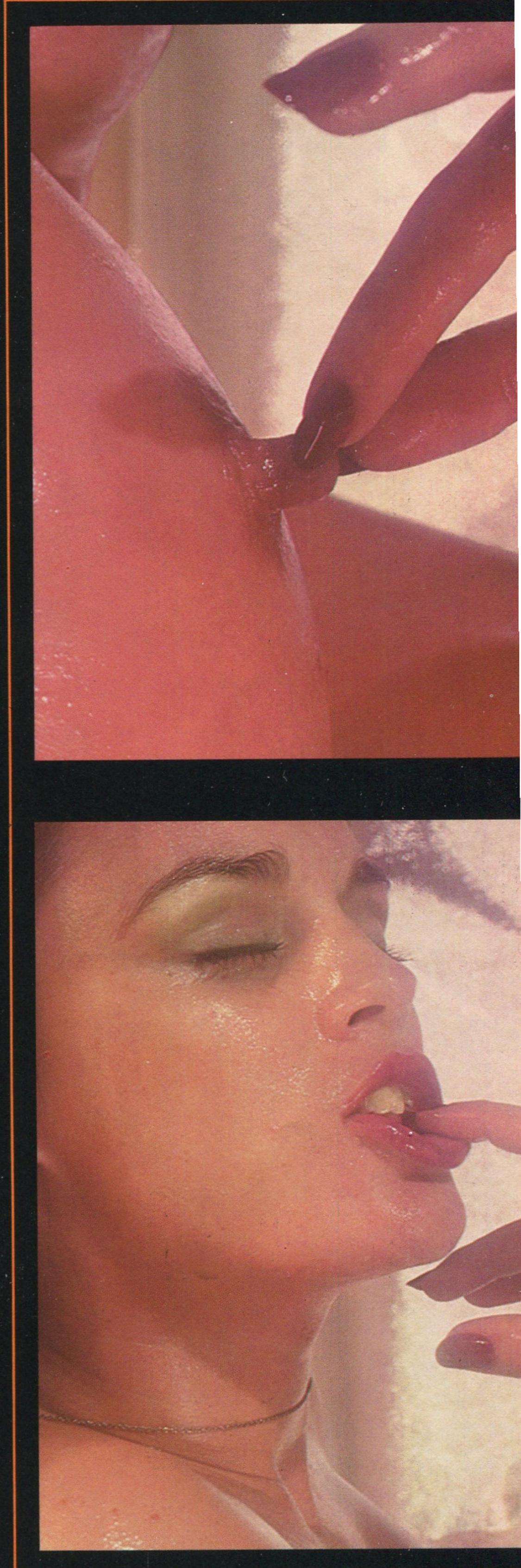
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"Only the lifelike quality of photography can capture the sensuality of sex—the frenzy of sweating and sucking and grinding. I model alone because that way a man can fantasize himself in the picture, as my 'partner.'" Hey, podner, move it on over . . .



Friends and Lovers

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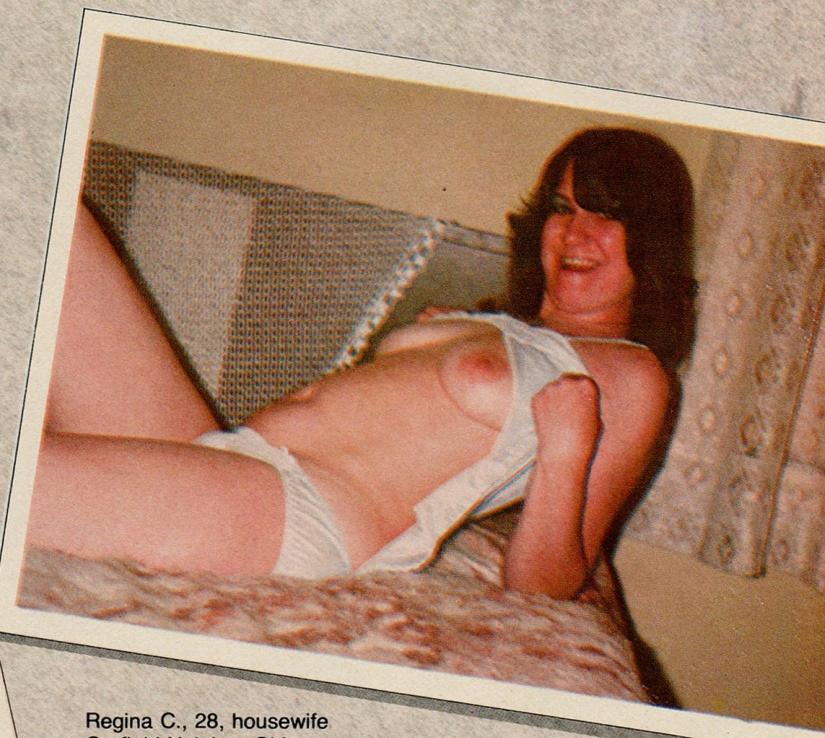
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**SEE OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM/MODEL
RELEASE ON PAGE 106**



Regina C., 28, housewife
Garfield Heights, Ohio
Photographed by her husband, Gary

Gary says that "Regina looks as good now if not better than when they were first married ten years ago. She has no special fantasies, but would love to do a full layout in GENESIS."



Jean S., 36, accountant
Houston, Texas

Photographed by her friend, Nick
Nick says that "Mary enjoys showing off her body to
friends who come over once a week for poker. She
enjoys giving a blow job while being screwed at the
same time by someone else."



Rose C., 24, housewife
Humble, Texas

Photographed by her husband, Errol

"Rose likes music, watching true-to-life movies, and
quiet moments with people she cares about. She
also loves sunbathing and piña coladas."



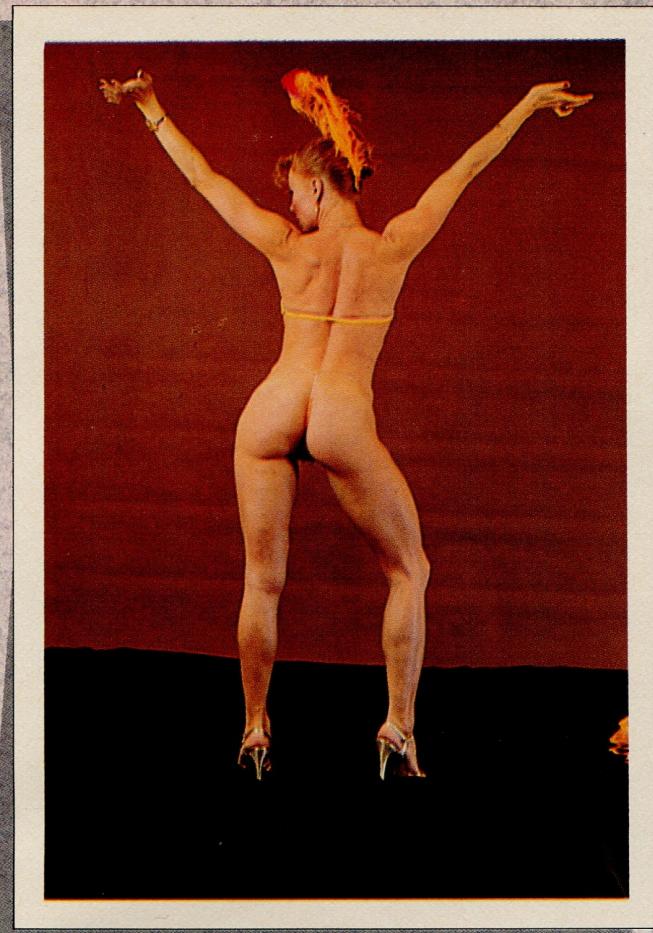
Kathleen F., 33, bartender
Houston, Texas

Photographed by her husband, Bill
"Kathy loves to sunbathe and show off her body. Being an extrovert has made her a huge success as a bartender. Married and the mother of five children, Kathy is also a nudist whose hobbies are disco dancing and horseback riding—with or without clothes."



Crystal C., 22, housewife
Adah, Pennsylvania

Photographed by her husband, Robin
"Crystal is an imaginative lover who will try anything once. She especially loves oral sex in public places—the thrill of getting caught makes her love juices flow. Her fantasy is to make it with two well-hung studs on the screen or in front of a crowd of people."



Hella R., 28, dancer
Kansas City, Missouri
Photographed by her friend, Louis

Hella is an exotic dancer who likes to shake her booty whenever and wherever she can. Her moves certainly arouse our . . . interest.



Debbie B., 20, clerk
Madison, Wisconsin
Photographed by her lover, Jim
"Debbie loves to travel all over the world. She loves animals, men, disco dancing, and warm, sunny weather. Her hobbies are taking care of her soft body and staying high on life."

June K., 42, lab technician
Cincinnati, Ohio

Photographed by her husband, Mark

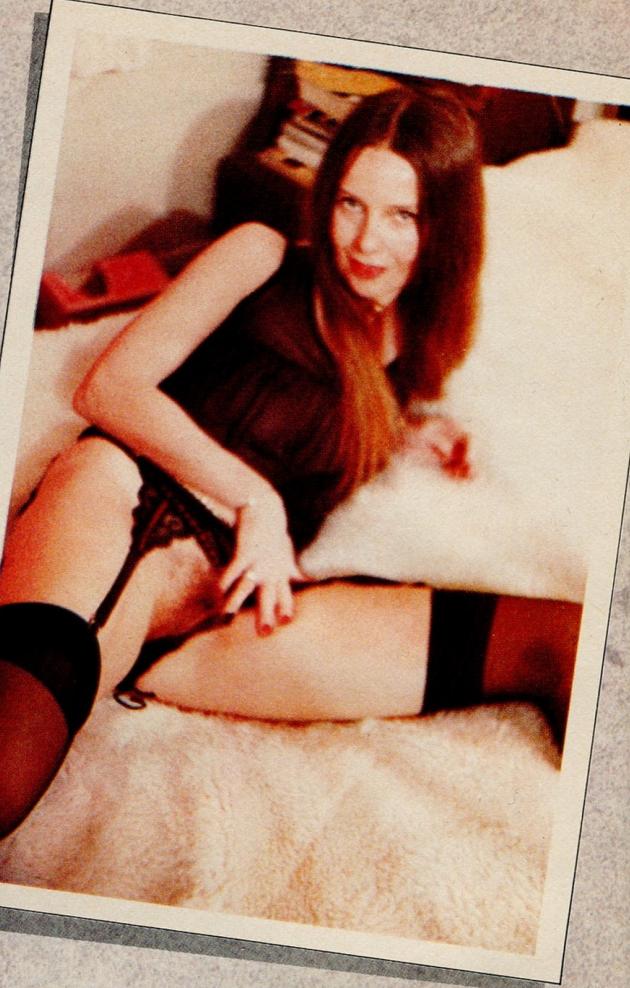
"June loves to go camping and swimming in the nude, and loves going on trips to Las Vegas and Florida to get an all-over perfect tan. She's been my lover for over twenty-seven years," says Mark.



Cindy F., 24, salesgirl
Robbinsdale, Minnesota

Photographed by her friend, Rick

"Posing for GENESIS is an exhibitionist's dream. Imagine, thousands of guys seeing me naked, wishing I were there so they could stuff their hard cocks up my juicy snatch," says Cindy. Seldom wearing panties underneath her short dresses at work, Cindy says, "I get a special thrill from flashing as I bend, stoop, or reach up for merchandise, giving any interested passers-by an eyeful as they try to move to the ideal vantage point." She reports that sales are "way up in her department."



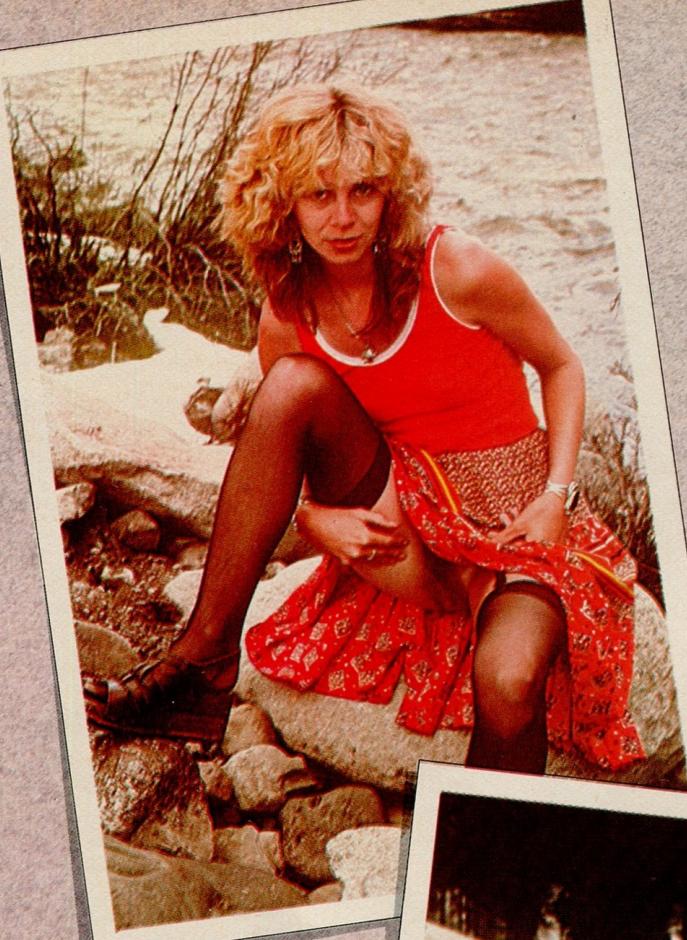


Scarlett A., 23, mistress
Marshall, Texas

Photographed by her friend, Ron

Scarlett claims that "redheads have more fun,"
adding: "My current lover has been through four
wives and countless lovers and claims that I give
the best 'head' of any woman he has ever known."





Sandra J., 31, grounds keeper
Moab, Utah

Photographed by her lover, Michael

Sandra says, "I'm getting wise enough to put my sexual experience and fantasies into motion or on view. I have a sexual fantasy about being an outrageous, lusty stripper."





Doris B., 24, sales representative
Bayside, New York
Photographed by her friend, Ron

"I am an exhibitionist. I like to strip before an audience. My fantasies are to make it with two or three women or men at the same time."



Jill J., 19, housewife
Lenox, Iowa
Photographed by her husband, Dave
Jill is a wholesome beauty with an all-American
girl-next-door charm. Posing for GENESIS is certainly
a good way to widen her experience.



ILLUSTRATION BY MARK SKOLSKY

After three years of heroin and despair,
Gregg Allman has put the Allman Brothers
Band—and his life—back together again

GREGG ALLMAN

ENLIGHTENED ROGUE

Presently playing the last few shows of the twenty-six-city first leg of their comeback tour, following the release of a solid reunion album (*Enlightened Rogues*) which sold over a million copies in just two weeks, the Allman Brothers are back in the flow again. With a year of uninspired performances and two years of bickering and personal problems preceding this tour, not a whole lot of folks thought the Allmans would ever reconcile their differences. In 1976, after Gregg testified against the Brothers' former road manager, Scooter Herring, in a much-publicized drug trial, the band's guitarist, Dickey Betts, said, "There is no way we can work with Gregg Allman again, ever."

Now Betts says, "That's all forgotten. And if you don't have the ability to forgive and forget, you ain't worth shit." Gregg also acknowledges that time heals wounds. "It damn sure does," he says. "It heals a whole lot of other stuff, too," he adds, alluding to his recovery from a three-and-a-half-year heroin addiction.

The re-formed band consists of four of the six original Allman Brothers—Gregg, Dickey and the two drummers, Jaimoe Johanson and Butch Trucks. (Duane Allman and bassist Berry Oakley died in 1971 and 1972, respectively.) Then, there's twenty-two-year-old David (Rook—for being the rookie in the band) Goldflies on bass, second guitarist Dan Toler (the first time the Allman Brothers have had two guitarists since Duane died), Jim Essery on harmonica, and Bonnie Bramlett on additional vocals.

The Allman Brothers, tagged in 1969 as a "Southern rock band," spawned a decade full of imitators, but unlike the bands which followed in their footsteps, the Allmans owed most of their influence to black Chicago blues players. Although Daytona Beach, Florida, was the band's point of origin, the superb concert they're giving at Chicago's 4,500-seat Uptown Theater seems as much a coming-home as a reaffirmation of the Allman Brothers' musical roots. Sort of a home away from home.

After the show, Gregg is three feet off the ground and grinning from ear to ear. He spots Rook, the first band member he can find. "I just got invited to have dinner with Willie Dixon!" he rants. "Ain't that a trip? It ain't every day you get to have dinner with Willie Dixon." Or, for that matter, a living legend. Dixon wrote many of the classic blues numbers that gave countless white rock bands—like Led Zeppelin and Cream—their basic repertoires.

Back at the hotel that night, Gregg invites me to join him at Willie Dixon's house for the dinner. Gregg knows that I'm also a photographer, so the reason for the invitation is

by Steve Weitzman

simple: posterity. "I want you to take some pictures of me and Willie. I want to put 'em on my wall at home," he explains.

Gregg sleeps through the morning and afternoon. At 5:30, the limo is readied to take us out to Willie's house. In the back seat, Gregg is in a surprisingly good mood.

As the car speeds away from the hotel and hits the expressway, Gregg elbows Essery in the side. "Goin' to Willie Dixon's house for dinner! Ain't that some shit, man?" Essery grins, nods his head. "I hope he has turkey gizzards," Essery says.

"Relax," Gregg tells him. "Willie said he's got enough food for an army."

We pull up in front of Willie's house on Chicago's South Side. Sprinting up the sidewalk to the Dixons' modest two-story home, Gregg turns to Essery. "I bet he's got fifty-five kids, man," he jokes.

Inside, Willie and Gregg shake hands and slap backs. They've met before. "The last time I saw you was in Memphis," Willie says excitedly. He is a big man with a big personality. "Whatcha got here?" he chides, patting Gregg's stomach.

"Yeah, I got me a little belly, man," Gregg laughs.

On Willie Dixon's living-room wall hang his most prestigious awards: seven Citation of Achievement awards from BMI (the music-publishing corporation). There's one each for seven of his better-known songs—including "I'm Ready" and "I'm Your Hoochie Coochie Man." On another wall is his daughter Josephine's Junior Citizenship award.

An obscure Little Wolf record spins on the living-room stereo, but Willie's natural voice drowns it out. "I heard you did some *mean shit* last night!" he roars.

"We did all right," Gregg says, embarrassed. "You comin' to the show tonight?"

"Ah think Ah might ease on down," Willie smiles.

"Great." Gregg scans the room, spotting a few of Willie's children. "How many young 'uns you got?" he asks, grinning. "I got thirteen."

Allman's grin widens. "That's great," he says, holding back a laugh of admiration. "I got me one myself."

"Hell!" Willie snorts. "You ain't even started yet!"

Gregg returns the volley. "Give me time, man. I ain't even in my prime yet."

Drinking a Chivas and Coke, Gregg sees dinner spread out in the dining room. He fixes himself a plate of Southern fried chicken, stew beef, turnip greens, corn bread, and potato salad. "The one thing Eric Clapton asked me to do," he says to me, "is take him to Willie Dixon's house." This, however, is Gregg's first time.

Immediately after dinner, Willie is rest-

ing in his chair, listening to Little Milton. His eyes are closed. "He could sleep through a train wreck," one of his family jokes. His breathing hints at a snore. Then, as the needle glides into Little Milton singing Willie's own "I Can't Quit You Baby" (which Led Zeppelin recorded on their first album, along with Dixon's "You Shook Me"), he breaks into a smile. And then he opens his huge eyes. Willie Dixon knows a good song when he hears one.

More reminiscence and small talk between Willie and Gregg follow until impending show time forces everyone to leave. At the door, Gregg gives Willie a quick hug. "If you need an organ player," he offers, "give me a call. And we'll see you at the gig, right?"

"Yep."

As the limo speeds away, Gregg lights a cigarette. He takes a drag and settles back for the ride.

"We're gonna play some soul music tonight, man!"

The band is in Indianapolis tonight, after

"When I was living in L.A., man, Cher sent me to a fortune-teller."

a day off. Their gig in town is scheduled for the following night. At a little after eleven, Gregg Allman is sitting in his room at the Arena Inn in silence, looking out the window.

"How about going out to a bar and gettin' a drink?" I ask.

"Great idea," he says, brightening a bit. "We got wheels?"

"Yup."

"Let's go," Gregg says with a burst of energy.

The hotel manager gives us directions to a bar called Third Base, and we head out to the car. As we pull out, Gregg flicks on the radio. "You Don't Love Me," from the Allman Brothers' *At Fillmore East* LP, has just started—all nineteen minutes of it. Gregg sings along with this 1971 vocal track, slaps his thighs to the rhythms, and plays an imaginary guitar all the way to the bar.

Half the song is still left as we walk into Third Base, only to find the bar's stereo system tuned to the same station and cranked up loud. Gregg orders his usual drink—Chivas and Coke—and toward the end of the song, where Duane goes into his slow, passionate solo, he stares into his glass for a few seconds and glances up at the speaker.

"That's my brother," he says, seeming to feel both remorse and pride.

To further add to this surreal scenario, the radio station immediately follows

"You Don't Love Me" with "Whipping Post," from the same album. Gregg tries to suppress a laugh, but it doesn't work. After a few rounds of drinks and of music that seems to have been sent down for a purpose, Gregg is in one of his better moods.

"Man," he says, setting his empty glass down hard on the bar, "I'm havin' more fun this tour than I've ever had in my damn life! I'm even havin' more fun than when I toured with Eric Clapton when Duane did that tour. I went along, played a little piano.

"Anyway," he adds, "there are three people that I base my chops around: Ray Charles, Little Milton, and Bobby Bland, and the only one I met is Ray Charles. That gig I missed, which was right after the first album came out, the band went out boogin' in a club afterwards and jammed with Bland. Of all the times! Man, I was pissed."

He shakes his head and laughs long and hard.

"I was laid up in bed and Duane came back and told me, he said, 'This is all real groovy, but I wish my little brother was here.'" His laughter almost knocks him off his stool.

"You know, when I was livin' in L.A., man, Cher sent me to a fortune-teller. I usually don't go in for that kind of stuff, but this chick was amazing. Her name's Leslie Goodman, and she only charges forty-five dollars. You gotta go see her. I'll even pay the forty-five for you. She'll blow your fuckin' mind. She knew *everything* about me. She told me I had a three-hundred-dollar-a-day heroin habit for three and a half years, told me I started playing guitar November 10th, 1960, which is the exact goddamn day I started, said I used to be a paperboy and my grandfather's name was Alfred. She also said, 'Your band is gonna get back together in 1979 [she was telling me this in 1977] and it'll be the best year emotionally and spiritually you've ever had.' I said, 'No way. That ain't never gonna happen!'"

"Whipping Post" is coming to an end on the radio, and Gregg reflects. "I wrote every note of that song," he says, "with my brother."

He lights a cigarette. "There hasn't been one real argument," he stresses. "And I mean between light crews, sound crews. Anybody. The last tour we did was just terrible. It was a fiasco. It got to where we wouldn't ride in the same limo. We were overworked. They had us doing fifty-six cities without even going home. And we were traveling on the *Starship* (at \$3,500 per day rental) with thirty-three people drawing a salary, so we each cleared a ridiculously low amount of money when we got home."

"That trial bullshit," he adds, "that wasn't the reason for the band breaking up. The band broke up before that ever

(continued on page 104)

GREGG ALLMAN

(continued from page 74)

happened. It started ceasing to be fun. With too many cities in too short a time, everybody's nerves got ragged. By the time we got up on the stage, we were so goddamn worn out, we couldn't enjoy it."

The reason for the reunion, he says, is simply the desire to play music together again. "As well as being on the same wavelength musically, we're all good buddies," he notes. "When we got back together, we felt we'd had a real good vacation for two, three years and here we go again."

"L.A.," he laughs. "I existed in L.A. I couldn't live. Don't get me wrong; it has its good parts and good people but . . . It was who's got the finest car, the slickest suit, the biggest house. Bullshit. There's more to life than that. I was living in Beverly Hills. Even Cher moved out to Malibu. She couldn't take it there, either."

"We were just in L.A.," he says of the band. "I spent a couple days with her out in Malibu. She's got a really nice place there. We had a great time."

They're still legally married, but that doesn't mean that life on the road is easy.

"Whew," Gregg exhales. "I had the blues so bad last night I coulda died. I got here, man, I called all of my good friends—I got about five real good friends, and I figure if you go through life having one friend, you're batting a

thousand. And goddamn, not anyone was home! 'Course, it was Friday night—but that brought me further down. I finally got back up, though."

And what about the company you find at a gig?

"Arena rats, my grandfather called 'em," he laughs. "Some people call 'em groupies. I can't make that scene anymore. I usually import a lady. I don't like being alone."

"Having a social life that's always on the cover of the *Star* or *National Enquirer* doesn't help, either," I point out.

He shakes his head. "If I took to heart all the shit that's been printed about me, I'd be in a padded cell. But I've gotten really hard to it. It mostly bounces off. Cher is a mother of two kids. Those kids have to go to school and . . . I can't imagine Elijah going to school and one of his little playmates saying, 'Hey, I hear your old man's a junkie!' The thought of that just makes me want to retch."

Was that one of the things that made you want to kick?

"Hell, yeah. Cher mostly helped me through it. That's some serious business. The worst thing about it, aside from the pain every morning, is that ninety percent of your day is spent getting tomorrow's fix together. I used to go to bed at night and the only way I could peacefully sleep was knowing that I had it all loaded up in the drawer next to the bed. I'd wake up the next morning and feel so bad and I'd open the drawer and that ugly son of a

bitch'd be there. I'd sit there, man, right there toward the last, and every time I'd stick that son of a bitch in, I'd cry like a baby."

"On the road, I didn't ever carry a needle. I always took it in my mouth with Demerols. Matter of fact, it was by mouth the four times I OD'd. I turned bluer'n a goose, man. I'm lucky to be here. There is absolutely no doubt that I'll never fuck with that stuff again. I'm about two hundred and fifty pages into a book I'm writing. I wrote a song called "Let That Be a Lesson to You." And that's the name of the book, too. I'm going to try and get this publisher to put it in music stores next to sheet-music books. There'll even be some sheet music in it. If I can save just one up-and-coming musician from messing with that shit, it'll be worth it. And all the money will go to drug rehabilitation places."

"I had a three-hundred-dollar-a-day habit for three and a half years. (That comes to \$383,250.) It started around 1970 and ended late '74. It'll be three years September I've been absolutely clean. I'm battered-scarred but I'm all right." He holds out his forearms, revealing what's left of his old tracks.

We head out to dinner at a Chinese restaurant, and Gregg pulls me aside for a friendly invitation.

"You gotta come down to my house in Daytona Beach," he says. "We'll go deep-sea fishing. Hang out for a few days."

"There's only one thing more fun than catching a big fish," he says. Getting laid while catching a big fish? "It's watching a friend catch a big fish."

A couple of days later, Gregg meets me at the Daytona airport. Three A.M., as we had prearranged. After a short drive, we swing into the driveway of a ranch house four blocks from the beach. "This is my mama's house," he says. "I'm in the process of getting my own."

Inside, he makes a beeline to the refrigerator and brings over a huge bowl and a spoon. "You gotta have some of Mama's special potato salad," he orders. "It's ferocious, man!"

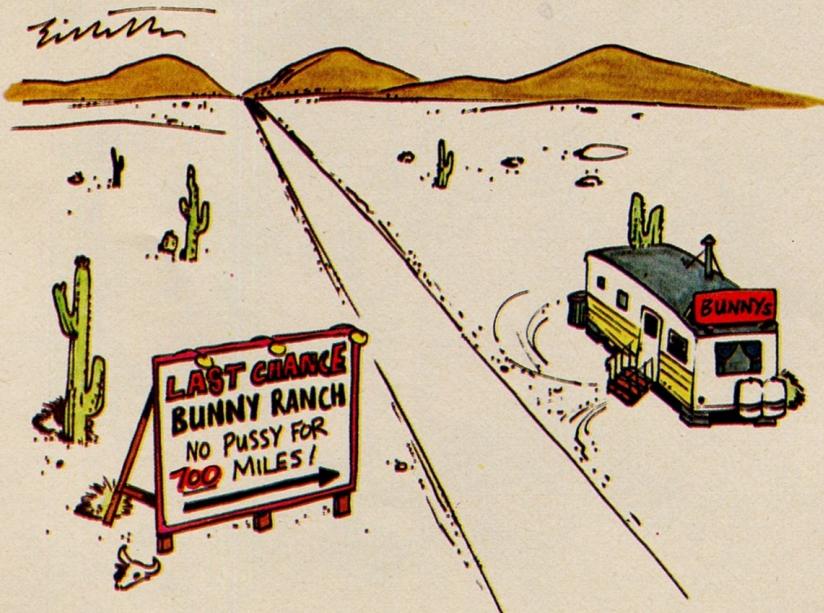
The sound of shuffling feet diverts my attention. A barefoot, sixtyish woman with short, curly gray hair, dressed in shorts and a T-shirt, shields her eyes from the light.

"This is my mama," Gregg smiles.

She makes her way to the living-room couch, sits down, and puts her feet up. "I'm Mama A," she says with a voice that's the female equivalent of Jimmy Carter's.

"This is Steve, Mama," Gregg says. "How do."

Ten seconds later, she gets back up, heads into the kitchen, and returns with a square pie plate. "Have some fudge," she begs. "It's called miracle fudge. You know why it's called miracle fudge? It's so easy to make, it's a *miracle*. I could



make it ridin' on a bicycle," she challenges.

Gregg cracks up. "Hah! That's something I'd like to see." He waves his arms and goes into a perfect Ed Sullivan imitation. "Ladies and gentlemen," he announces, standing in the center of the living room. "Geraldine Allman will attempt to make miracle fudge while riding a bicycle! Take it away, Geraldine! Hah, hah, hah!"

Mama A has seen his act before. While he's funny as hell, she tries to ignore him.

Mother and son and I sit up talking until 4:30, when Gregg says to me, "We gotta get up at 5:30. We're goin' fishin'. I chartered a boat. You got an hour to sleep." He heads for his room.

But Mama A isn't through. She's a tremendously friendly and talkative woman, and she's just warming up. She asks me if I know Jackson Browne. Gregg and Jackson shared a house in L.A. for a year around 1967.

"Jackson is my other son," she says, glowing. "I love that boy. One time I fell asleep in a chair after one of his shows and he came over and kissed me on the mouth! Do you know how many girls would cream their jeans?"

"Oh!" she says quickly. "I apologize for my language!" I assure her it's O.K. "I gotta be able to hang free and loose," she says, trudging off to bed. "Good night."

I lie back on the couch, simply overwhelmed with scattered thoughts. Thoughts about this being the house they've lived in for the last twenty years and the house that Duane Allman, one of the greatest, if not the greatest white blues guitar player, lived in, apart from the tours, until he died at age twenty-four in 1971. Thoughts, also, about what it must've been like for Gregg and Duane to grow up without a father, who died when they were two and three years old, respectively. And thoughts about what this two-bedroom house (Gregg and Duane shared a bedroom) was like when the Allman Brothers Band was just beginning in 1967-68 and this place was the home for everything that went on. I glance around the living room before turning the light off, and those thoughts take on an eerie shape. On the end table are pictures of Duane's daughter, Galladrielle, who is now ten years old. Named after the "Elven queen" in *The Hobbit*, she lives in Jacksonville with Duane's ex-girlfriend Donna—who took the name Allman when he died. Galladrielle's long, angular face and reddish-brown hair give off the same sense of confidence as photographs of Duane. But there's no time to sleep. Gregg soon ambles out into the living room, wearing cutoffs, a T-shirt, and sneakers. "I'm ready!" he shouts while I can barely see. "I got my forty-two minutes!"

After a quick shower, I'm still not awake, but outside, the morning light is the jolt the body needs. And the smell of

sea air. We pick up two of Gregg's longtime friends, "Tooker" and "Eagle," both local musicians.

Driving toward Ponce Inlet, we pass a Wa Wa food store. "Let's get some food to go," Gregg says, "or I'm gonna be dippin' into the bait!" Egg rolls, lunch meat, bread, mustard, and beer are tossed in the back.

The sign leading to Ponce Inlet says WELCOME TO FISHERMAN'S PARADISE. We arrive at 7:10. Our boat, the *Sure Thing*, is supposed to pull out at 7:30. Gregg looks at his watch as we get out of the car. "I'm twenty minutes early. The only thing I'm ever twenty minutes early for is fishin'!"

We power out of the inlet in our captained fishing boat, watching the Florida coastline disappear. We'll be going fifty or sixty miles out—"into the Bermuda Triangle," informs the captain. The poles are baited with bonita, but Gregg is still standing, staring out to sea, a glazed, ecstatic look on his face. He seems hypnotized.

"Goddamn!" he yells out. "I'm back where I oughta be." He looks out at the glistening ocean and the sky. "If this ain't paradise, I don't know what is."

He mans a pole. "Let's put up five to see who brings in the first fish. Everybody in?" I take the pole to his right. Fifteen minutes go by. Nothing happens. He stands up, shakes his fist, and screams at the ocean. "You goddamn

assholes! I done paid for this bait! Now take it!"

His threat works. Thirty seconds later, he feels a hard tug on his line. "Here we go!" He reels as hard and fast as he can. "I can make change!" he shouts. A few minutes later, his fish is alongside the boat. A net brings it in the rest of the way. It's a large bonita, maybe eight or nine pounds. Gregg's expression turns to disgust. "I'm dying to get a sailfish," he moans.

Fishing all over the area proved disappointing, as none of the boats had much luck. Our haul consisted of one king mackerel, a Spanish mackerel, two puppy sharks, and six or seven bonitas.

The one king mackerel fed twelve people at a fish fry at Eagle's house, and afterward Gregg hit his favorite haunt in Daytona, the Wreck Bar. The thing he likes about the Wreck Bar and his friends in Daytona is that "I go way back with a lot of the people here, and the good thing about it is they treat me like they always did. They don't treat me like I'm better than anybody else."

Gregg Allman has since readapted to Daytona Beach after life in L.A. temporarily ruined his marriage and almost ruined his life. He would give anything to return to the low-key way of life he had before he left for the glitter of California. "But I wouldn't mind," he says with more than a bit of longing in his voice, "if you put in that I'm still in love with Cher." □



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EIGHTIES**

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**INTERVIEW:
ROMAN POLANSKI**

His films—among them *Chinatown* and *Repulsion*—are classics of the macabre. The horrible murder of his wife, actress Sharon Tate, is his own, and America's, nightmare. In 1977, director Roman Polanski made headlines again, this time indicted for his sexual involvement with a thirteen-year-old girl. Rather than face what he considered an unjust sentence, Polanski fled to France, where our interviewer spoke with him—about his life, his films, and his recent change of heart.

DISCO SCORING

Time was when some fancy patter and the price of a drink could get you laid. These days, a guy's also gotta know how to *dance*. Or does he? Writer Dallas Mayr has observed the mating habits of the disco-goer and assures us that though the rules have changed, it's still business as usual.

**HOW TO PRODUCE
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The X-rated-movie business is wide open to anyone with a little imagination, a bit of hustle, and a lot of perseverance—and there's a financial killing to be made. Producer Ken Gaul offers expert advice on finding a tasty script, hiring a director and crew, raising capital, casting, locations, shooting, distribution—and the pitfalls and pleasures along the way.

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